

Clearfield Republican.

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For the Clearfield Republican.

TO MINIE.

Well I remember when our father's pride
The pines stood round the little cabin
Seeming to pierce the clouds—while wide
The sycamore and tree of heaven spread
Their branches; the maple in its loveliest green
(No longer pierced, yielding a sweet return)
The elm and ash and yew varying the scene
And with the ash, comprising all, to turn
My gaze from sweet cottage, almost hid
By their thick varied foliage, and hid
No view of nature's lovely face—no thought
Change could not surely be with pleasure fraught.

My memory recalls more clearly when
With quicker step and in my wonted clad
I visited my favorite haunt again,
And think it not strange my thoughts at first were sad.
The cheerful birds no longer warbled there—
The playful fawn frisked not upon the lawn—
By night I could distinguish the pattering
Of leaves from the roof—my thoughts for fear
Her charms would be forgotten. I won
The time passed rapidly till spring returned
When nature like the faded Phoenix burst
From her ashes, and in lively green
Adorned herself once more—I learnt at home—
For that sweet—oh how long my home became—
The pleasure which from converse sweet doth rise
And infant glee—and the sight of love
The friends who were—by which by carol eyes
Unthought, are seldom found, but known to prove
Superior to the lover's paradise.

The lover's heaven—home. Ah! then I found
The trees, the shrubs which did my home surround,
But drew attention from—yet beautified
That stands on Clearfield's loveliest spot.
My eyes were turned, now almost hid
Where peace and love forever shall reside.

Words, uttered perhaps in jest by you tonight,
Have, Minnie, ceased in an old playmate's mind
These thoughts to rise. I for amusement write
And dedicate to thee. A different kind
My unwinning selfishness must prove
From his whose subject fancy is or love
Be distant far removed, dear girl, when they
We love as well, no more our hearts shall bless.
But think not, Minnie, if it should arrive
That you in this cold, selfish world would find
Alone. Such thoughts should give you no distress,
Should that find mother whose example taught
Christian forbearance—and whose every thought
Tended to thy advancement. She who taught
At all the childish sports—or when oppressed
With sorrow was thy brow—when thou quail'd
The drops of bitter tears—join the mother's dead;
And should that brother, provident and kind,
So like his father that less hard we find
His loss to bear—should he too die,
And leave thee as thou thinkst a prey
To misery—we'd mourn them—like a prey
Spent with your dearest friends would fly
The friends you'd join your friends in heaven.
Then, Minnie, be not thoughts no more be grieved
Take to my bed to you then would be given
The presence your family received. D.

WOMAN'S LAUGH.
A woman has no natural grace more be-
witching than a sweet laugh. It is like
the sound of futes on the water. It leaps
from her heart in a clear, sparkling rill;
and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed
in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have
you ever pursued an unseen fugitive thro'
trees, led on by her merry laugh, now here,
now there, now lost, now found? We
have. And we are pursuing that wander-
ing voice to this day. Sometimes it comes
to us in the midst of care, or sorrow,
or irksome business; and then we turn away
and listen, and hear it ringing through
the room like a silver bell, with power to
sear away the ill spirits of the mind. How
much we owe to that sweet laugh! It
turns the prose of our life into poetry, it
flings showers of sunshine over the dark-
some wood in which we are travelling, it
touches with light even our sleep, which
is no more the image of death, but is con-
sumed with dreams that are shadows of
immortality.

CHEERFULNESS.—Cheerfulness and a fes-
tival spirit fills the soul full of harmony—
it composes music for churches and hearts;
it makes and publishes glorifications of
God; it produces thankfulness and serves
the end of charity; and, when the oil of
gladness runs over; it makes bright and
tall emissions of light and holy fires,
reaching up to a cloud, and making joy
round about; and therefore, since it is so
innocent, and may be so pious and full of
holy advantage, whatever can minister to
this holy joy does set forward the work of
religion and charity. And, indeed, char-
ity itself, which is the vertical top of all re-
ligion, is nothing else but a union of joys
concentrated, in the heart, and reflected
from all the angels of our life and inter-
course. It is a rejoicing in God, a glad-
ness in our neighbor's good, a pleasure in
doing good, a rejoicing with him; and
without love we cannot have any joy at
all.

WHAT'S IN THE WIND.—We have al-
ready stated that orders had been issued
to fit out immediately the United States
fleet-of-war Jamestown, at Philadelphia,
and the ships Cyane and Saratoga, at the
Charlestown (Massachusetts) navy-yard.
We now learn that orders have been re-
ceived at Portsmouth, Virginia, to fit for
sea, as soon as possible, three United
States frigates, and to hasten the comple-
tion of the two now in course of construc-
tion there. Similar orders, if we mistake
not, had previously been received at the
Portsmouth (New Hampshire) navy-yard.
At the Brooklyn navy-yard about one
hundred and fifty mechanics are at work
upon the United States frigate Congress,
fitting her for sea with all possible dispatch.
The Sabine is also being fitted for sea at
the same yard. —Baltimore Sun.

From Gleason's Pictorial.

PASKARET;

OR, THE AVENGERS.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

One of the most daring chieftains of
whom we remember of having read, was
an Algonquin or Adirondack. This tribe
of Indians, at the time of the first settle-
ment of Canada, were found upon the
banks of the St. Lawrence.

They were once a warlike and power-
ful people; but were finally conquered by
the Iroquois or Five Nations, with whom
they were continually at war.

The Trois Riviere or Three Rivers
was the scene of a most signal defeat,
from which the Algonquins never recov-
ered.

The chieftain to whom we have alluded,
whose name was Paskaret, could never
forget the stain which the victories of the
Iroquois had left upon his people, and
with four of his boldest warriors devoted
himself to what he considered the sacred
duty of wiping the stain from the national
honor.

"We will become," said Paskaret, ad-
dressing his four warriors, "the avengers
of our race. We will learn the Iroquois
to tremble at the mention of our names.
We will perform such deeds of prowess as
shall add new glory to the nation of the
Algonquins, and cause other tribes to for-
get the past, and cease to hold us in deri-
sion. Our numbers are few, and you seem
ready to ask, 'How can we do all this?'

"My friends, much can be accom-
plished by individuals as well as by great
and conquering armies. Cunning and
daring may sometimes effect more than
numbers. The good warrior may lay
many plans to entrap the enemy, and so
will we; and the Iroquois shall soon learn
to fear us. We will meet them in unex-
pected places, and slay their best warriors
when they are (apparently) resting in
safety in sight of the smoke of their own
lodges."

"What shall be done, great chieftain?"
asked one of the avengers of the Adirond-
acks. "The Iroquois are a numerous
people, and we are still smoldering under
the terrible wounds which our honor re-
ceived at the memorable battle of Trois
Riviere."

"When you speak of Trois Riviere,
you cause my cheeks to burn with shame,"
replied Paskaret, shaking his long and
quivering finger towards the country of
the Five Nations. "It is the memory of
the Trois Riviere that is turning my hair
gray, and wrinkling upon my brow.
Brother avengers, you have asked what
we shall do, being only five in all—only
one to each of the nations of our enemies.
I will tell you one plan which I have
thought of by which to punish the Iroquois.
I have learned by one of my spies
that five canoes have gone up the Trois
Riviere, and will probably return in a few
days and pass over the same spot where
we were defeated. Each of the canoes
contained ten of our enemies. Now I
will reveal to you a way in which we can
destroy them all. There are five of us—
one warrior to each canoe. Let us pro-
vide ourselves with muskets—three for
each man, and ammunition in abundance.
Three muskets to each warrior, in our
hands, will count the same as fifteen armed
in the ordinary manner."

"But, avengers, this is not all; I have
another important matter to make known.
I have discovered that by loading a musket
with two balls, connected by a chain
ten inches in length, a birchen canoe can
be cut to pieces in a moment. Look at
this piece of birch bark; I brought it hither
on purpose to show you. You see
that it is cut nearly into two pieces. It
was done by a single discharge from a
musket, loaded with two balls chained to-
gether. Algonquians, that shot would have
sunk a birch canoe, loaded with our ene-
mies."

An exultant shout arose from the aveng-
ers of the Adirondacks. The chief
went on.

"Now you perceive the benefit of a little
head-work, and the advantage this cir-
cumstance will give us over the Five Na-
tions, when we meet them at any odds, in
point of numbers. With fifteen muskets,
loaded in this manner, we shall be equal
to the fifty Iroquois warriors that are now
up the Trois Riviere."

Again the four avengers shouted with
wild joy. The Algonquians commenced
acting upon their plans at once. Paskaret
exerted himself to procure muskets of the
largest calibre, and of the most approved
make. He sold his favorite horse, and
many things most highly esteemed, to
provide the necessary outfit for himself
and companions.

All was at length in readiness. The
muskets were obtained and loaded with
two balls each, and in a manner highly
satisfactory to Paskaret.

The avengers stepped into a canoe of
large dimensions, and in excellent spirits
paddled away up the Trois Riviere. A day
and night passed, and the avengers saw
nothing of their enemies.

Early in the morning, they found them-
selves near the spot where the fatal battle
had been fought, which had broken the
pride of the Algonquins, and made the
Iroquois lords of the country.

The avengers rested on their paddles,
and looked scornfully on the scene of the
conflict, which still presented evidence
that a battle had been fought there.

"This is the spot where the Algonquins
suffered everlasting shame," said one of
the avengers, in a low voice.

"Do not speak of it," replied Paskaret,
in husky tones. "It covers me with con-
fusion. But who knows," he added vehem-
ently, his eyes flashing fire, "but we
may wash out the disgrace upon this very
spot, and win eternal renown!"

The words of the daring chieftain seem-
ed prophetic. Before the echoes of his
voice had ceased, five canoes, containing
in all fifty Iroquois, swept into sight by
turning an abrupt bend in the river.

"Initiate me," said Paskaret, in a low
voice, "and don't fire till I give the
word," and the wily chief commenced
singing his death-song, as though he had
resigned himself to inevitable death. His
warriors immediately followed his exam-
ple, suffering the Iroquois to approach
without making a single effort to escape.

On swept the five canoes with loud and
horrible shouts of savage exultation. They
beheld some of their most inveterate ene-
mies before them, without the power to
escape or defend themselves; and what
was most galling of all, they recognized
the proud figure of Paskaret, the bravest
of all the Algonquin braves.

The avengers continued to howl their
death-song, and allowed their enemies to
approach until within a few yards.

"Now we will satisfy the spirits of our
dead warriors!" cried Paskaret.

Instantly the avengers seized their mus-
kets and fired. The balls and their iron
links went crashing and tearing through
the frail canoes, and cutting the devoted
Iroquois to pieces. A sudden and terrible
panic seized the latter. With loud and
terrible shrieks they leaped into the water
from their sinking vessels, while the dead-
ly fire of the Algonquins continued to rake
from end to end, severing limbs, and in-
flicting unheard of wounds.

In a few minutes the canoes were all
sunk or abandoned, and those who were
not already destroyed were struggling in
the waters of the Trois Riviere, already
red with the blood of their enemies.

Some were desperately wounded, and
after a few convulsive efforts, sunk and
arose no more, and the rest were paraly-
zed with terror.

The avengers paddled into the midst of
the despairing wretches, and not one of
them escaped. They found graves in the
waters of the Trois Riviere.

"Now," said Paskaret, "my face does
not burn with shame. The spirits of some
of our slain warriors are appeased."

We feel that we must here remark that
the exploit just narrated is a literal fact,
and not the creation of the pen of fiction.

It may be imagined, with some reason,
that the daring feat of Paskaret in destroy-
ing fifty of his enemies at a blow, would
have satisfied his appetite, but this was far
from being the case.

"We have spread terror among the Iro-
quois, and the glory of our exploits is in
the mouths of all; but we must do more,"
said Paskaret. "We will penetrate into
the country of our enemies, and carry
consternation and death there also."

The young warriors ran hither and thither,
and everywhere, but no traces of Pas-
karet could be found, save the imprint of
his fearful hand upon the bodies of his
victims.

The very next night he crept forth from
his lurking place, entered another cabin,
and robbed them of their scalps, as before
and effected a safe retreat without discov-
ery.

The Iroquois profited by their sad expe-
rience; and upon the third night set a
watch about their village in every cabin.

It might be supposed that under such
circumstances, Paskaret would not attempt
to enter the village again; but this was
not the case. Lashing the scalps, which
he had taken, carefully upon his back, in
order not to lose the valued and ensangu-
ined witnesses to his daring deeds, for the
third and last time he cautiously ap-
proached the Iroquois village.

But he found his enemies upon the alert
and remained quiet, waiting for them to
relax their vigilance. In this expectation
he was not disappointed.

One of the watchers grew weary of his
vigil. He dozed and nodded, started up,
rubbed his eyes, and strove to be wake-
ful; but, alas! the drowsy god overpow-
ered him, and he slept at his post.

"He richly deserves to die," said Pas-
karet, to himself, "for the desire to do his
duty is not strong enough to keep him
awake."

The chieftain stood silently beside the
faithless watcher, smiled grimly and lifted
his terrible battle-axe, and with a blow
laid the sleeper quivering and gasping at
his feet.

But there were those in the village more
wakeful and wary. They heard the fatal
blow, and with a fierce war-cry rushed to
the spot. Before they reached it, Pas-
karet had torn off the scalp of his victim and
betaken himself to flight. Paskaret was
called the *swiftest Indian runner living*;
and the idea of his running for his life did
not terrify him in the least. Sometimes
by an extraordinary effort, he placed a
great distance between himself and his
pursuers, and then again he permitted
them to approach him, when, from the
summit of a hill, he would call to them
and boast of the deeds he had done among
them, and brand them as a nation of
squares and cowards.

Reading his net very complimentary har-
rangue, he would then draw like the wind
and govern the intervening distance ac-
cording to his own fancy.

The pursuit was continued with unabated
vigil, until, when the Iroquois encamped
to cook and rest. Paskaret saw them kin-
dle a fire, and watched the smoke curling
through the trees. They roasted meat,
ate, and then lay down their blankets,
without a thought of danger. In half an
hour they were all in a sound sleep.

A dark form might have been stealing
towards them, stepping in among the
slumbers, and by the light of their fire
sees to count them.

The sleepers were ten in number. With
his hatchet he dispatched nine, with as
many blows, and then with the handle
awakens the tenth from his sleep. He
started to his feet, and was about to give
the war-cry of the Iroquois, but the sounds
died away upon his lips, for he saw his
companions lying stark and stiff in death,
and Paskaret confronting him with a grim
smile.

"A great warrior should not sleep when
an enemy is near," said Paskaret.

The astonished Iroquois made no reply;
his tongue seemed glued to the roof of his
mouth.

"Your companions are sleeping," added
Paskaret, "they will wake no more."
"You are a great warrior," said the
Iroquois.

"I have seventeen scalps," replied Pas-
karet; "one more would make eighteen."

"The Iroquois is ready," answered the
prisoner. "He was at the battle of Trois
Riviere, and he slew many of your best
warriors. The Iroquois can afford to die.
Strike!"

But Paskaret did not strike.

"The Iroquois is a brave man," he re-
plied; "but life is sweet, and on one con-
dition he shall live, and I will leave his vil-
lage to slumber in peace."

"Speak, brave chieftain," said the pris-
oner.

"I saw a handsome squaw," continued
the Algonquin, "in your village; bring
her to me to be my wife, and I will mol-
lest your village no more; but I will not
include all the villages of the Iroquois. If
you succeed in bringing the beautiful Iro-
quois maiden to me, you shall be free;—
but if you do not, you shall return and
deliver yourself into my hands as my pris-
oner. Do you promise as a warrior, to
comply with these conditions?"

"I promise," said the Iroquois.

Paskaret then described the fair squaw
whom he had seen, so that she was easily
recognized by the prisoner.

"Now you may go," said the Algonquin;
"but if you attempt to deceive me, I will
not rest until your scalp hangs in my belt."

The Indian faithfully redeemed his
word. The next night he returned to the
spot with the handsome Iroquois, whose
heart being free, had easily been persua-

ded to become the wife of so great a war-
rior. She was received with much kind-
ness by her strange love, and instead of
regretting the step she had taken, seemed
proud of the distinguished honor conferred
upon her.

They then sat down, ate, and smoked
together, and then parted, the Iroquois to
return to the village, and Paskaret and his
bride to perform a long journey to the
country of the Algonquins.

He reached his warriors in safety. His
return was regarded as little short of a
miracle, while his fair wife was not a little
envied by the Algonquin maidens on ac-
count of her extraordinary beauty, and
the good fortune which had made her the
partner of the brave Paskaret.

Be Kind to the Poor.
The following from a Western exchange,
is scarcely more admirable on account of
its Christian sentiment than for the elegance
of its language. Read it—practice its
teachings and profit thereby.

"Aye, be kind to them! Ye who have
never felt the bitter pangs of gnawing hun-
ger, who have never passed through dry
winter with chattering teeth and limbs
palsied with cold, who have never prayed
for the sweet forgetfulness of sleep, to shut
out for a brief season the frost whose icy
breath struck chill to your heart, and
who have never felt a prey to the canker
worm of grief and misery, which all these
sufferings entail, we pray you, be kind
to the poor!"

"Be kind to the poor. Yes, for the
blessings of prosperity which heaven has
showered upon you, will yield you no true
happiness if others are starving. Heaven
has placed you upon earth, and has
exposed you to like chances of want and
wretchedness. In a Pharisaical spirit, then,
thank not God that you are not as
other men; but rather with the Publican
use humbly for mercy, and enhance the
efficacy of prayer by charity and kind-
ness. A satisfied conscience sheds a
peace and comfort through the heart and
soul, without which the immortal spirit
cannot be satisfied. Follow not then af-
ter the selfishness of the world around
you unless, like Dives, thou wouldst here-
after reap his fate, and view from amidst
thy torment the poor man at peace in
Abraham's bosom."

"Be kind to the poor.—And well thou
mayst! How many gradations of suffer-
ing and want must heart endure which,
lacking life's necessities, and man's friend-
ly hand, lays down to die with a prayer
for that mercy of heaven which earth
denies. And though faint be the of sup-
plication, and weak the heart which lifts
itself to God, yet will it prevail with the
Omniscient, and be registered above as
testimony against thee."

"Be kind to the poor.—Earth has
more of sorrow than the heart can con-
tain, more of suffering than frail nature
can bear. The widow left to toil and
struggle alone amidst the desolation of
bereavement, appeals in tones more elo-
quent than words for your sympathies
and aid. The helpless orphan brought
into the world and left alone by the re-
lentless hand of death, claim your guar-
dianship and protection. And as you
expect a continuance of the mercies and
blessings of heaven, so in this wise be
merciful to others: then shall the gates of
pity and honor be open to thee, and
the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek."

GIRL.—We like to see the girl who
isn't afraid to soil her hands, who, shames
with ruffian when in the ball-room,
scrubs the kitchen floor till it smells as
sweet as new mown hay, and does up lin-
en so neatly, giving such an exquisite pol-
ish, everybody admires it. Who sneers
at the working girl? at the fair being who,
in the close dress or bonnet maker's room,
and handbox manufactory, earns her liv-
ing? None but the snatched up Miss, who,
decked in silks and satins, is only fit to
squat on a piano-stool or flirt with dandif-
ied fools. Working girls are truly hap-
py, for though they can't spend their af-
ternoons promending, they can steal an
hour from the morning or evening for a
walk, and when they do put on their ap-
parel they look just like ladies, as the other
sort of females are called; and are they
less so? No! for pa and ma didn't pay
for their rich cloths and pretty dresses;
their own no less beautiful fingers earned
the money to purchase them. How many
of them support aged parents and helpless
relatives? How many of them submit to
discomfort, confinement and privations
only to come off conqueror at last, by
gaining the affections of worthy men, to
whom they make excellent and industri-
ous wives.

COUNTERFEITER ARRESTED.—John
Wilson, an old counterfeiter who has long
practiced his trade about Penningtonville,
Chester co., and the Gap in Lancaster, has
been caught. \$500 in counterfeit \$2
notes on the Middletown Bank, and \$5's
on the Girard Bank, were thrown away
from his person while fleeing from the of-
ficers. He offered them bribes to let him
escape.

RECENT EXCAVATIONS OF THE GROUND AT
SALTVILLE, IN VIRGINIA, HAVE DISCOVERED THE
FOSSIL REMAINS OF SOME BIG-BONED ANIMAL
OR ANIMALS OF THE PRE-ADAMITE PERIODS.
The distance between the joints of some of
these monsters was over 20 feet—from
which it has been concluded that the beasts
must have been a great one—that is a
megatherion.

THE BUILDER.
JUDGE TENNEY'S DECISION ON USURY.—
The decision of Judge Tenney in the case
of Dill vs. Elliott, on the various points
raised in the trial, has produced much so-
litude on the part of some money lend-
ers. The Patriot says it has made a
good deal of trouble to ascertain the sub-
stance of Judge Tenney's decision, which
is this, that, under the new constitution,
all original contracts or obligations, includ-
ing more than 5 per cent, interest are
void, and involve no contract whatever.—
In case of a note or bond, sold for what it
will bring, the plea of usury cannot be
maintained. The Legislature is author-
ized to fix the "penalties and forfeitures,"
but as yet have omitted to do so, and the
opinion of Judge Tenney is that no pen-
alty or forfeiture can be less than the whole
contract, but may be more. It is stated
that it is the intention of Judge T. to write
out his opinion, which will be looked for
with much interest. In the meantime the
notes offered by brokers for sale, if not
originally made with usurious intent, cannot
be affected by the clause of the Consti-
tution referred to, and upon which Judge
T. has decided as above. In the case of
Dill vs. Elliott, the plea of usury was not
sustained, although made, and the deci-
sion was in favor of the plaintiff to recover,
while, we believe, the acceptance of the
of the Elliotts had been allowed.

Baltimore Sun, Nov. 11.

Recent excavations of the ground at
Saltville, in Virginia, have discovered the
fossil remains of some big-boned animal
or animals of the pre-Adamic period.

The distance between the joints of some of
these monsters was over 20 feet—from
which it has been concluded that the beasts
must have been a great one—that is a
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